Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

*All.* We are very ſorry for't.

*Du.* What in your owne part can you ſay to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is ſo.

*Oth.* Moſt potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approou'd good Maſters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my ſpeach,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe; yet by your gratious patience,
I would a round vnraniſh'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his Daughter.

*Bra.* A maiden neuer bold,
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſht at her ſelfe: and ſhe in ſpight of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what ſhe fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſſe, perfection ſo would erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen
To find out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with ſome dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BODLEIAN LIB